The Liberalist

Volume XXIX FEBRUARY, 1953 Number 11

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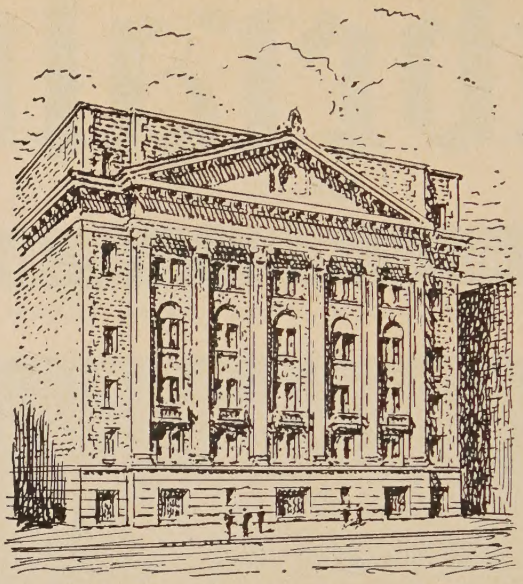
LINCOLN

Lincoln proved that royalty,
  Like a rich spirit, ran
Into the heart of humanity
  And breathed in every man.
Railsplitters, toiling in mud,
He showed equal to men of kingly blood.

But time has placed him high,
  Like a deathless, flaming star,
Burning in the eternal sky,
  Beautiful and far,
Ever gleaming from above
As a symbol of undying love.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MY FIRST words to you this month will be those of appreciation and gratitude. As I go about my daily work of meetings, lectures and sick visitations I am constantly meeting people who express appreciation of my humble efforts in "Along the Way." I have had an unusual number of letters from subscribers this month expressing the same sentiments. I deeply appreciate these reactions and will do my best from month to month not to disappoint you. As you have already discovered, this feature of our church magazine is written at odd times and often under pressure. Sometimes I make a note on a train, in a hotel room, or at a banquet table. Again something will occur to me while I am riding along in the car, going to or from a funeral or an engagement. Obviously they will possess no literary distinction and are only the overflowing of my heart and work. I deeply appreciate your interest and I hope you will send our magazine to your friends in distant places and do all you can to increase the area of the influence of our church.

* * *

I am writing these words on the 21st day of January, the day after President Eisenhower was inaugurated. I had kept January 20th free from all engagements in order that I might attend the inauguration by way of television. Fortunately the entire day and evening were clear and at 10 o'clock yesterday morning I tuned on my television set and it remained on until midnight last night. The fact of the matter is that we had our meal brought into my Study and we ate in the Study. It happened that we had decorators at the same time, which complicated matters, but precisely at the moment of the actual inauguration I asked them to stop working and to come into the Study, where my entire household, the two decorators, my Study secretary, Ethel Wells Smalley, my sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson, my housekeeper, Mrs. Mae Duffy, Mrs. Bradley and myself, had our own private inaugural viewing. I am sure that, with millions of others, we saw and heard more of the inauguration than the thousands who lined the streets of Washington, and only got a casual glimpse of the inaugural party as it passed down Pennsylvania Avenue.

I started the day with General and Mrs. Eisenhower calling at the White House for Ex-president Truman and family and closed the day with President Eisenhower and his party leaving the inaugural ball in Washington.

It of course was an historic occasion and was witnessed by more people than all the other inaugurations in our history put together. The indescribable effect of the millions of our countrymen seeing these ceremonies, listening to the addresses, watching the coming and going of notables, cannot help but be the strengthening of our own faith in the democratic processes. To see men who were political enemies and severe critics of each other's policies and actions, shake hands, with smiles upon their faces, is in contrast to the coming and going of administrations in many other nations throughout the world. An administration goes into power, not because it had the most armed men making military capture of the government, but because the free-will ex-

pression of the millions of American citizens decided the issue. Whether you are a Republican or a Democrat, no matter what your own personal political loyalty might be, we have proven once again to all the world and to posterity that the principles of our American government are basically sound, fundamentally right, and will endure. As long as there is free discussion; as long as there is uninterfered-with access to facts and information; as long as men can peaceably assemble; as long as freedom of worship exists, our nation will go on from administration to administration, as the finest example in the world of the free democratic processes.

Through the entire inaugural ceremony there ran a deep, fervent religious undertone. I could sense it in my own Study. Never for a public assembly of such importance did three spiritual leaders chosen to pray present finer petitions, or more acceptable, to the Divine. I have cut out of the morning paper this morning the three prayers which were offered by a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and a Protestant clergyman. I shall read them often. It would be a splendid idea if they could be published in a little brochure which could be read by the millions all over the world. Frequently clergymen, when asked to pray on auspicious occasions, use it as an opportunity to preach a sermon or make a speech. The three spiritual leaders on this occasion were fervent and sincere petitioners to the throne of God. And then, to climax all this, the President, after the moment of inauguration, and before he began his inaugural address, diverted from his script, and read a prayer which he had written in his Statler Hotel room as the last act of the night before. No President in our history has ever begun his inaugural address with a prayer. I do not know whether President Eisenhower is a member of any church or not. The general impression seems to be he isn't. We know he has chosen the National Presbyterian Church in Washington as the President's church during his administration. I do not know whether Mrs. Eisenhower is a member of any church, but the time has passed when being a member of any church is the most important thing about a person's religion. He is a deeply religious man. His experiences in the tragedy of war are such that they compel him to accept the true fundamentals of religion. Religion is more than a church, more than a creed, more than a theological dogma. Religion is the deep motivating imperative of a good life. I could not help but wonder, as General Eisenhower began his inaugural address with a prayer, what must have been in the mind of the Russion Ambassador who sat but a few feet from him, and whose philosophy of government finds no place for any conception of God whatever. Surely, as his words will be carried around the world in more than forty languages, irrespective of our political differences or the serious problems which are certain to arise, the overtones of it all will deepen and strengthen the foundations of freedom everywhere.

* * *

I could not help but wonder what was going on in the mind of President Eisenhower as he rode down Pennsylvania Avenue, back to the White House to review the parade. I wonder if he remembered the time when he, as a cadet from West Point, marched in that inaugural parade for Woodrow Wilson so long ago. I wonder if he ever dreamed that one day he would be President of the United States. Even when he, as a high member of the military forces rode in the inaugural parade at the inauguration of President

Truman, I wonder if he dreamed that the next President of the United States to be inaugurated would be himself. Such is America! Such it is which makes her great! As I saw the cadets and the marchers from all over the country, young men in the exuberance and enthusiasm of their delightful youth, I wondered if one of them marching yesterday, in 35 years, might be a new President, too. And now today, the day after the inauguration, as I write, President Eisenhower has become the prisoner of the secret service. He was at his desk at 8:15 this morning. The problems are already pressing and acute and I send my humble prayer that he will have strength and courage and faith, that the principles he enunciated so clearly shall find concrete expression in specific acts in the days which are ahead, and that peace and dignity might come again to our tortured world.

* * *

Five years ago on January 6th, Carl Sandburg was 70 years old. He invited a group of his friends to help commemorate the event here in the City of Chicago. My recollection is he wanted to have 70 chosen friends at that intimate birthday affair. Carl Sandburg, when I first met him, nearly 40 years ago, was a young man who had just had Harriet Monroe accept his first poem for publication in Poetry Magazine. It was his first recognition of any importance and was the beginning of what has become a most distinguished career. When I first met him he was trying to establish an adless daily newspaper, which he had called "Today." Obviously it was a failure, but the dream had great merit. I have been interested in his career ever since.

I knew him when he was doing movie criticism for the Chicago Daily News and was also doing his daily column there. Those of us who gathered on his 70th birthday, which was a very intimate and informal affair, were delighted when we learned that his 75th birthday was to be observed with one of the most distinguished affairs of its kind ever held in this country; and it was just that.

Carl Sandburg was 75 on January 6th, and on that day his publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Company, published his latest book, "Always the Young Strangers," which for Sandburg was a departure, for it is an autobiography. The book begins at the beginning in Galesburg and carries him up until, as a young man, he entered Hobart College in Galesburg. He plans to go on from there, and I hope he will be spared vitality, creative energy and mental agility that will enable him to complete his autobiography before the sun goes too low in the Western sky.

Mrs. Bradley and I were honored by being invited by the Chairman of the dinner, Mr. Ralph Newman, of the Lincoln Book Shop here in Chicago and an intimate friend of Sandburg's. The Crystal Ballroom of the Blackstone Hotel was overcrowded and the people overflowed into the lobby. In spite of this there were more than a thousand requests for tickets (and they cost $10 each) which those in charge of the affair had to return. Never anything quite like it certainly in the literary world. They do it for politics and political parties, but never for poets until Carl Sandburg came along. His friends from all over the United States, from both the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards, were there.

The Swedish Ambassador to the United States, Erik Boheman, came from Washington to present him with the most distinguished of all the decorations which the King of Sweden can present, a commandership in the Order

of the North Star. In the afternoon at an autographing party at Marshall Field's, Sandburg signed more than 1200 copies of his book. Attending that autographing party were many of his old friends who knew the people and the scenes of his book, and some of them were in the book: One of them, Lawrence Futhey, who as a boy lived across Berrien St. from Carl Sandburg in Galesburg.

Carl Haverlin, President of Broadcast Music, Inc., presented Sandburg with an exquisitely bound copy of "The New American Songbag." Eugene Reynal, vice-president of Harcourt, Brace of New York, made the presentation speech for his firm and presented Sandburg with copy No. 1, specially and most artistically bound. Allen Nevins, the great historian, whom I had the pleasure of meeting last year through the courtesy of Mrs. Glenn Frank, spoke most interestingly of Carl Sandburg as an historian, with specific reference to his immortal contribution as a biographer of Lincoln and the Civil War Years.

Dr. Alan Jenkins, another friend of mine who is pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Galesburg, was present as a member of the Galesburg delegation attending the dinner and spoke of Mrs. Adda George, who is President of the Carl Sandburg Association, and was instrumental in the organization which has preserved Sandburg's birthplace in Galesburg. Mrs. George is four years older than Sandburg. She did not speak, but bowed gracefully and was given an ovation.

Probably the most moving moment of the evening was when Edward Steichen, Sandburg's brother-in-law and the one about whom Sandburg wrote "Steichen, the Photographer," gave an intimate and beautiful tribute to Sandburg, telling of the time his sister brought a young poet out to the family farm in Wisconsin for the family to get their first look at Carl Sandburg. It was movingly told, with beautiful reservation which completely prevented any over-sentimentality. As he turned to greet Carl Sandburg after he had finished his address, he embraced him and pressed a holy kiss upon Sandburg's white shock of hair falling in exquisite disorder over his forehead.

Irving Dilliard, the editorial writer of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, gave an account of Carl Sandburg's first official act after he was made Secretary to the Mayor of Milwaukee, which was the somewhat unattractive task of finding a way to get rid of the remains of a dead dog.

Ralph Newman was the general chairman of the dinner, while Chicago's most famous M. C. and Toastmaster, Herb Graffis, of the Sun-Times, kept the audience, including Carl, in a continuous uproar every time he was on his feet. Mr. Vilas Johnson, of Chicago, who is also a knight of the Order of the North Star, and another member of the committee arranging the dinner, introduced the Swedish Ambassador.

When Carl Sandburg was introduced, he received an ovation. The first half hour of his address was broadcast to the nation and also carried by a local radio station. I do not suppose I should record this, but it came as such a surprise, and people have been speaking to me about it ever since. Almost in the first paragraph of his address, he made a kindly reference to me, and my name and the name of Eric Sevareid were the only two names which he used on his national broadcast. I felt very humble, but I am just human enough after all to have appreciated deeply his reference.

Sandburg's reply, after receiving his Swedish decoration will remain a clas-

sic utterance and I am sure stimulated some interesting ideas in the minds of all who heard it. He said "No first rate American novel on American politics, the press, or any of the new media of communication has been written." This must have been a challange to writers and novelists, coming from so great an authority, but he used one phrase that will linger with me, as I am sure it will with all who heard it, as those deep, penetrating eyes of Sandburg's looked to the ceiling of the Crystal Ballroom, and in that weird, melodic, mystical voice, he seemed to be for a moment in another world when he said: "We must understand the necessity for learning how to use loneliness" and he had no misgivings whatever that one of our greatest necessities in America was "to discover creative solitude."

When all of the speech-making and the presentations were over and all the kind things had been said, Carl arose with his guitar and the rest of the evening was indescribable. Seated by his side was the dear sweet little companion of the years, modest, self-effacing, but her face shining like an angel, as she beamed the whole evening, and every time any reference was made to Sandburg she looked into his face with the sweetness of a bride. She could not be persuaded to say a word, but one felt as she sat there by his side, that in their great love and companionship and understanding was to be found much of the inspiration of his own creative activity.

Among the old friends was Harrison Smith, president of the Saturday Review; Frederic G. Melcher, president of the Publisher's Weekly and the Antiquarian Bookman; Don C. Shoemaker, editor of the Asheville, N.C., Times (Flat Rock's city); David C. Mearns, official keeper of documents at the Library of Congress.

There came congratulatory telegrams from President Truman, and from all over the world; the prime minister of Sweden, the American ambassador in Stockholm, where a luncheon was held in Sandburg's honor, and from Los Angeles where a big dinner was helping celebrate his birthday.

Never in my lifetime, and I have attended many such occasions through the years, of the great and near great, but never have I experienced an evening like this Sandburg dinner; and as Carl stood there strumming his guitar and singing the old, old folklore songs of our country, it seemed we were all transported to heights from which we never wanted to return. If we could sustain the mood of that evening, life would be more beautiful.

He closed the evening by singing an old spiritual, "Chillun, I know you're goin' to miss me when I'm gone."

Carl Sandburg will not only be missed—we hope he will be spared for many years—but he will leave a place in American literature which no other will ever fill.

* * *

We are about to enter the Lenten Season. Ash Wednesday is February 18th. We are planning a Lenten Season in the church of great helpfulness and inspiration. Our Holy Week services will be held as always at noon in the Erlanger Theatre and every night in the church. The books to be reviewed for the month of March will be of a particularly inspirational and religious character.

"THE 11TH COMMANDMENT: THOU SHALT NOT WORRY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 30, 1952

IF I were to go to each member of the congregation this morning and have a little private conversation with you, I think I would not be long in discovering that there isn't one person in this congregation and probably not one person in the invisible congregation who would tell me they haven't anything to worry about. I suppose worry is one of the most universal faculties of the human mind. Of course, your worries would all vary in degree and in kind, but nevertheless if there is one person here in the church this morning who hasn't one single thing to worry about, will you come and see me immediately after the service. I want to see the person who is so completely emancipated from all sense of worry, all concern, that you can look me in the eye and say, "Dr. Bradley, I haven't one worry in the world." You are the person I want to meet!

Well now, if I were to go to you this morning, each of you would say to me, "Well, I've got a worry. I'm worried about health; I'm worried about losing my job; I'm worried about the country; I'm worried about international relations; I'm worried about my income; I'm worried about a mortgage that's come due; I'm worried about a thousand, thousand things in life." Why, we're worried, of course we're worried. Therefore, if there is anything that is universal it is worry. What is the challenge that we must face in regard to it? Well, of course, we must be realistic. Any individual who is faced with a problem can begin to solve that problem, first by sitting down with the problem and becoming realistic about it. Now very few people are able to do that with their problems because their emotions get the better of them and then, of course, worry gets in its most terrific blows. So we become emotionally disturbed about the problem to the extent that we can't see the problem realistically. When these problems come up it's a good thing for us to sit down, preferably alone, so that we will not face the danger of another's reaction to our individual problems at this particular stage.

First of all, let us ask the question: How much of it do we think is absolutely real? And when we have made up our minds that this aspect of it is real, then ask ourselves the question: What would happen to me if the worst of this situation should take place? Just face the possibility of the worst. A lot of people are not realistic enough to face that possibility. They want to run away from that sense of reality, and so they do not face what could be the worst. Then, after we face "if the worst did happen" we are in a position to build our defenses against the worst happening. You've got to anticipate really, with a basic reality, what would be the worst. You have got to face a situation on those terms. I have never been one to run away from a situation, or run away from a problem. I have had one of the greatest challenges of my life during the past week,

when on 80th Street I had to sit down with a woman who has terminal cancer and tomorrow enters the hospital; who has made a valiant fight for two years; who has a loyal and devoted husband. She outlined to me, with reality, the whole progressive character of her condition as we talked together. And as I tried to raise her spirit and elevate her attitude toward the inevitable, I could see creeping into her consciousness a sense of mastery that even with anything as real, as inevitable, as fatal, she was able to make her adjustments in that conversation. And tomorrow we're going to take her to the hospital in the ambulance in the morning, and she knows exactly the situation as it exists. And she has been able to take hold of all the threads of life, and is weaving them into a fabric which, in these last days for her, will be beautiful to behold.

Now that's what I mean. That woman took a realistic attitude toward the inevitable, and that is necessary. So you ask yourselves the question: Well, what is the worst that could happen, the very worst? Supposing the worst happens in this situation. Supposing the job goes; supposing the health goes; supposing the security goes; supposing that everything fails. What is the worst that could happen out of such a situation? I can envisage that there are some philosophers and psychologists that deal with a subject of this character, and I could name them for you, who would say that that is giving in to reality—something we ought not to do with trouble, with health, and all the rest of it. I quite disagree. I don't believe in the "Pollyanna" attitude. There are three ways that you can handle trouble. You can deny it—and the denial is not in itself sufficiently constructional to eliminate the trouble. There will be that inner annoying sensation that even the denial itself is not working. There will be the suspicion that your denial is self-deception. There will be the inner suspicion that your trouble is a real trouble; and one of the two things you can do about trouble, after you deny it as one of the escapes, is to run away from it.

I have never known a person yet who solved a problem by running away from it. You can't solve these problems of life by running away from them. Desertion doesn't solve a problem. I know that is a technique of a great many people. They think that by alcohol or by some other habit they can run away from the problem; and the tragedies are strung along the highways of the years, one wreck after another of people who thought they could stop trouble by running away from it. Nobody ever stopped a bit of trouble by running away from it. You can't run away from your trouble. You can't travel far enough to get away from it. That's never a solution—but there is a solution. And the great characters and the triumphant personalities who stand out with ever increasing luster of power and beauty are the ones who didn't deny the trouble, and they didn't run away from the trouble, but they did something else with it, and it's that something that will eliminate the worries of life. Most of the things you worry about never happen anyway. One good psychologist has said that ninety per cent of the things you worried about never even happened. Sometimes, I think, when I think of my own worries, that that isn't a high enough percentage. I worried and worried and worried about many things in my life, and as I look back over the things that I worried about, they didn't happen at all.

I shall never forget a beautiful illustration that occurred in one of the ser-

mons that Bishop Quail was preaching. He was my favorite Bishop, and one of the greatest men that ever came into my life. And he said, "You know, things are going well this morning." And he said, "I just worried and worried most of the night. I was sleepless; I tossed about in my bed; I turned on the light; I tried to read; I did everything, but there was some great worry that was taking my mind." He didn't tell the people what it was, although I think I know, because it was a personal tragedy in his own family, and one that received national acclaim at the time it happened, and in which even a murder was involved. And this great bishop said: "I tossed about on the bed all night long, and then you know, something happened. It finally reached the point where something happened. I was almost completely exhausted." I said, "Look here, God, I've worried and worried more than half the night and I've got to preach tomorrow." And he said, "Like a flash, God spoke." And you know, God does speak, but not in any supernatural way, to the human spirit and the human heart, and you can hear the words of God. If you're tuned to them you can hear them. It's like a radio reception—you've got to be tuned to the station. You can have the best radio in the world; you can have one of such exquisite perfection; you can have one of those beautiful consoles and one of those expensive cabinets like Zenith makes, but if you aren't tuned in to the proper wavelength you won't hear a sound—not a sound. And there are a lot of people who never hear the voice of God. They are bewildered, confused, disturbed, mechanistic, materialistic, naturalistic, and the voice of God means nothing. They think it is mere supernaturalism, and they never hear the voice of God. And the reason they never hear the voice of God is because they aren't tuned in to God's station. You have got to get yourself on God's wavelength to have life open up with victory and triumph for you. And Bishop Quail said, "God spoke." And he said, "What do you think God said? God said, 'Bishop, turn right over and go to sleep. You let me worry the rest of the night.'" And the Bishop said the peace of God flooded his soul and he turned over and went to sleep.

Is that a falsehood? No! Could it happen? Yes! Has it happened? A million times! Has it happened in my life? Yes! Why, I've seen moments when the sky was so dark that the reverberations of distant thunder were making the heavens themselves and the sky itself quake, and I've had to say, "God, this is too much for me, I'm not going to run away from it, not at all, and I'm not going to deny it, but, God, I've got to have vision and courage and help. It's your problem, too!" You'd be surprised what happened. You can't pull yourself up by your boot straps. And there are a lot of people who say you can follow certain psychological principles and certain psychological laws and they give you a lot of formulas and say, just do this and do this and do this, and it will all happen. Ladies and gentlemen, there is a unity between the spirit of man and the spirit of the infinite and if that is broken, man is in trouble, and man gets out of his trouble when that is united again. There is no substitute for the spirit of God in the soul of man. I think that's the best definition of religion there is. Religion is the spirit of God in the soul of man. That's what it is. And you can take every single problem, every anxiety, every worry and put them in all the categories that you can possibly summon together, and you can overcome them! You can get triumph over them. You can be-

come victorious over them the moment you put yourself on the receiving end—on the same wavelength as the spirit of God. You can't do it and hang onto the old ways; you can't have your cake and eat it.

A lot of people don't get out of their trouble and over their worries because they want to hang onto sin and hang onto alcohol and hang onto vice and hang onto crookedness. They want to hang onto these things and at the same time live victoriously and triumphantly. It's never been done! You've got to get some things out of your life. You've got to explain laws. You've got to clean house mentally; you've got to clean house spiritually; you've got to clean house in your attitude. You've got to stop lying and criticizing people; you've got to stop hating.

Why, you've got a foundation that you've got to prepare if you're ever going to be in tune with the Will of God. We can't fail to do these things and ever become victorious or triumphant. If you develop a twisted personality, you will develop an inner conflict and every psychologist knows the danger of inner conflicts. When I read of these suicides and I read about these people for whom there is no explanation—people that have money and social position and wealth—when I read of them, and they are becoming increasingly frequent — sometimes there is one that is suffering and ill and all the rest of it, and you have some sort of an explanation somewhere —but it's becoming increasingly frequent for people with no explanation to be so overpowered with life that they take it away from themselves. It's all inner conflict. There are some inner conflicts that do that and if those inner conflicts were straightened out, there would be no failure, there would be nothing but a creative progressiveness toward eternal peace and toward health. It is all as simple as that.

Now don't you let these worries get the upper hand. You face them; you analyze them; you say, what would be the worst that could happen? Then in your attitude and your deepened faith be like the great Beethoven. I never cease to marvel at the life and tribulations and greatness of Beethoven whenever I listen to the Moonlight Sonata. And sometimes, when life gets troublesome and you are worried and anxious, play a good, beautiful bit of music; say the 23rd Psalm; repeat the Lord's Prayer. Just do something to bring something sublime up against something bad and abhorrent—then you will see the power of the good. And sometimes I just love to sit quietly in my study and listen to Beethoven, and it's remarkable the healing quality that comes to one's soul and the illumination that comes to one's thinking in the presence of something good and beautiful and true.

Somebody, right now, in some little home or some little room—you had a bad night. Maybe you are suffering remorse; maybe somebody's lied about you; maybe somebody's hurt you; maybe you have lost your job; maybe things are going badly. Don't despair! And don't let the devastating, disintegrating quality of worry rob you. Listen to these words. Go get a little music, not something that will create turmoil, not something that in its discord and dissidence may be intensely modern, but something that will just soothe the wounded spirit. Go pick up a Bible and read the 91st Psalm. If somebody listening would go read the 91st Psalm before this service leaves the air a miracle would happen in that life—or the 23rd Psalm, or go listen to the Moonlight Sonata and then remember that the man who wrote it never heard it, and never could, ex-

cept with the ears of the mind—for Beethoven was deaf! And when Beethoven gave us his beautiful music he said once, "Oh, if I only could hear! If I only could hear," and then he said, "but I will take this thing by the throat and I will be thrilled to the music in my soul." And one of the great musical critics since Beethoven, said "We shall never know how much beauty was given to the world because Beethoven was deaf." He used the language of eternity and he listened to the music of the spheres, and in that, the mere hazard and barrier of his deafness meant nothing.

Use your trouble! It will refine you; it will beautify you. No greater fallacy in the world than the fallacy that the best life is the life most free from trouble. That is not true. Trouble has a way of bringing out the best in a man and some people never really know how fine they basically are until trouble comes along. So meet it! Greet it! Use it! And take into your hearts the inspiration of the one who knew it all, from the desertion of friends to the cruelty of enemies, to the tragedy of the cross; who understood the deepest agony of the human heart, and yet, in that agony could say, "Be not afraid! I have overcome the world!" That's the victory available to you.

HOW TO FIND TIME TO READ A BOOK

1. Talk less.

2. *Carry a book in your bag or pocket.*

3. Put a book under your pillow at night; if you can't sleep, read.

4. *Wake up fifteen minutes earlier every morning and read.*

5. Keep a book handy to pick up in the kitchen, while dressing, or on the telephone.

6. *Have a book ready when meeting unpunctual people.*

7. Take along your own book when going to the dentist, doctor, or lawyer. Why read their old magazines?

8. *Keep an unread book in your car in case of traffic jams or a wait for repairs.*

9. Never go on a journey in a public conveyance without a book; you might not like your seatmate.

10. *Remember that a book in the hand is worth two in the bookcase.*

—Lydia Roberts

GREAT THINGS

Great things are done by men
Who, having failed, will try again;
Who risk their all to venture out,
And having ventured, never doubt;
Whose confidence in self is strong,
And dare defy the doubting throng.

—Author Unknown

Dr. Bradley's February Book Reviews

February 4—"Always the Young Strangers".....Carl Sandburg
February 11—"Abraham Lincoln".....Benjamin P. Thomas
February 18—"What Are We Living For?".....J. G. Bennett
February 25—"Crowd Culture".....Bernard Iddings Bell

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

ONE hundred forty-four years ago on the 12th of this month, down in Larue County in Kentucky, a frontiersman went into a little country town nearby, and as he went into the grocery store, the storekeeper said to him, "Zeff, anything new today?" "Well, no," he said, "not much. Tom Lincoln's wife, Nancy, just had a baby boy." That was the first announcement of the birth of the man who is revered, 144 years later, wherever men have heard the word "freedom," with increasing admiration and love.

The scientists have long since given up trying to explain Lincoln on the basis of heredity. And you can't explain him by environment. You cannot explain Lincoln. How are you going to explain the mentality of a classicist who, in the purity of his thinking, in the accuracy and nobility of his diction has added lustre to western culture; who learned to read at a log-cabin fireside and who did his first mathematics on a shovel, with a piece of charcoal in the light of the fireside; who developed such purity of speech that you could not take one word out of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address without impairing the thought of the address. Quite different from the verbosity of much of our political oratory of the present day!

When I see a picture in a Chicago newspaper of a gang of hoodlums or gangsters running the streets of our city with prison records and backgrounds and with political "pull" and associations that ought to be immediately taken care of, I think: "Who are these men? What is their background? Why do they flaunt law and order? Why do they feel that they are above the law?"

Ah, if Lincoln were here! There would be a different picture all over America, from the White House to the Ward Committeeman in the City of Chicago; there would be a different picture.

Lincoln had his enemies; and when Thomas Nast was drawing cartoons of Abraham Lincoln that were the most vicious cartoons that ever appeared in an American newspaper, and Lincoln's friends said, "What are you going to do about this?" Lincoln answered: "If I am right, a thousand devils saying I am wrong will make no difference at all. If I am wrong, a thousand angels saying I am right will make no difference at all. I am con-

cerned, gentlemen, with only one thing, and one only—am I right?" That was Abraham Lincoln.

A gentleman told me a little story in connection with Lincoln that I thought was one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard. It is a true story. It was his little girl who had the experience. It happened around Easter time. The little girl and her father were visiting in Springfield and the gentleman wanted her to visit the Lincoln tomb. He took her there and the custodian was showing them about the tomb. There were several other people with them; and as always there was a hush and a silence. The little girl looked up into her father's face and said: "Daddy, when are they going to roll the stone away?"

BOOK CHATS

MARIE BEYNON RAY wrote *How Never To Be Tired, Doctors of the Mind, How to Conquer Your Handicaps,* and on January 14th Little, Brown & Company published her latest book, *The Best Years of Your Life.* One of my favorite quotations from Browning is on the fly-leaf:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made."

The author reminds us that twenty youthful years have been added to human life in the past fifty years, which constitute a whole new period called Later Maturity. She opens the book with a two-page delightful biography of Toscanini who, at 84 went on a nation-wide tour which it occurred to no one to call a farewell appearance. Fearing he and his men might grow stale if he prepared only two programs, he scheduled six different programs, requiring constant rehearsing, and worked in a stiff schedule of sightseeing in between. Back home, when most of his hundred and six musicians contemplated rest cures, within three days Toscanini had signed a five-year contract with R.C.A. (no one apparently expects him to deteriorate in any foreseeable future) and had taken a plane for Italy to conduct a series of concerts and operas at La Scala. And the author continues: "He isn't tall—yet he seems to tower. He isn't young—but no one has ever thought of him as old. His hair is a flurry of snow, his eyes are volcanoes in eruption, his eyebrows and mustache are as eloquent as his hands. He has the energies and the sudden furies of a wildcat. During long hours of rehearsal, while his men (not one of whom is less than 25 years his junior) sit at their work, he stands and goes through a series of gymnastics that would exhaust a prize fighter. . . . He shouts, he sings, he seems about to fling himself through space with intent to strangle the first trombone. He seizes an offending violin and smashes it. Waving the orchestra to silence, he slowly and scathingly remarks, 'You play like a bunch of old men!' (No one finds this even faintly ridiculous.) . . . 'Shame on you, shame!' . . . 'God tells me how the music should sound, but you get in the way!' And he draws from them the most beautiful music ever produced by man. Toscanini is well over 80, but he has no intention

of dying. He is convinced the decision rests with him."

That is only part of what the book says about Toscanini. In the first chapter, "Those Extra Twenty Years," she speaks of many of the famous old masters of the arts and of such present-day men who are vigorous though not young, as Winston Churchill and Bertrand Russell.

Again quoting Mrs. Ray: "Everywhere we see people who, in an earlier era, would long since have been pushing the daisies, leaping about from continent to continent, raising an infernal dust. . . . On a recent date, fifteen out of the nineteen deaths recorded occurred at over 60; seven of these were over 70 and three were over 80. Would you like to know what these octogenarians and septuagenarians were doing when death overtook them? Mrs. Sarah Hall Coombs, 81, was still judging at flower shows. . . . at 66 she journeyed to South Africa in search of rare gladioli. At 70 she published her first book, South African Flowers, and was at work at her second when death cut her off just as she was fairly hitting her stride."

She tells of Charles Schwartz, a Johns Hopkins geologist, who at 88 was still climbing the Appalachians in search of mineral deposits for the companies which retained him. He had taken up this career at the age of 70, on retiring from the university.

The next time our author glanced at the obituaries, out of a total of twenty-six, she found that sixteen were over 60 (most of them in their seventies and eighties) and two (both women) were 101.

The book is full of the unusual achievements of people of mature years and will hold your interest from beginning to end. What is more interesting than biography? And this book is a veritable encyclopedia of Who's Who among the interesting, active people of the world, from personalities of the stage to those of the laboratory.

"The rules of the General Electric Company oblige it to retire all employees at 65. G.E. makes rather a specialty of geniuses, having one of the largest collections in captivity. Under this arbitrary rule it was losing its geniuses fast. So now, on their sixty-fifth birthday, these men are duly retired—and the next day hired back on a contract basis. With this stratagem they have managed to hold onto some of their outstanding thinkers."

If you have any time at all for reading, do not fail to read this book. It will hold your interest from cover to cover; will give you many a delightful chuckle, for it is written in a truly sparkling manner. It may give you an idea for staging a comeback that will far outstrip your original career in either the business world or the world of art. The author disdains mere hobbies and contends that it takes something more than a hobby to engage the full-time interest of an active, intelligent adult. And that what we will do during this new period that has been added to our lives constitutes a second career which should be prepared for years in advance in our leisure time. Thus this book becomes a book to interest those of all ages.

The Best Years of Your Life is a plan and guide for that eighth age which has been added to the seven ages of man. Properly preparing for this new age we can make Later Maturity the crown of life. For this new life we should begin to prepare in our thirties or forties so that if and when we retire it will be to something, not *from* something. What shall it be? Politics? Public service? Cultural pursuits? Painting? Writing? Music? Photography? A craft? Travel? A foreign mission? One man's work is an-

other man's play. Whatever it is, it should be the thing you've always wanted to do, the thing you came into this world to do, the thing you'd want to spend your first million years in heaven doing.

This Later Maturity is a whole new period that has been added to our lives. How shall we use it? How prepare for it? Do we know what we want? Can we still learn, create, carry out our projects as well as ever?

There is overwhelming proof that we can. A mass of psychological evidence exists to show that sixty is as good a time to learn as six, that our intellectual powers do not fall off, that creative imagination is ageless. We are, in fact, at our best from forty to seventy, perfectly capable of entering upon a new way of life, as active and stimulating as the one we are leaving behind.

Science says that we are going to one day live to be 150. Do you wish, during this new period, unthinking, scarcely realizing what is happening, merely to continue to exist some more? Or do you wish to intelligently realize that you have been given something no one has ever possessed before, and see it as a great opportunity and do something about it? You will then understand that you are setting out on an entirely new adventure and you will make it a voyage of discovery. Leisure is not an end in itself but a time for becoming completely absorbed in doing the things you most want to do. Prepare for it as you would for a career. Realize that you are as good a man as you ever were, as capable of learning whatever you want to learn, of executing whatever project you conceive, and of holding whatever you have gained and gaining more. Men everywhere in the world are proving that today and this book tells you about them.

Here is one last quote from the book itself:

"Toscanini, heading into what, in his case, can only be referred to as his middle age, is neither ridiculous nor pathetic. He is fiercely triumphant. Celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday by conducting Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony' in Carnegie Hall, he displayed more intensity, animation and sheer animal spirits than he did during his first orchestral performance at the age of 19. At 85 he was as alive physically and spiritually as he ever was: his black brows flashing, his arms flailing, his batons flying to pieces; still singing with the orchestra (off key), still screaming like a wounded animal at a false note; still determined to reach the goal he had never attained — a perfect performance. . . .

"I have found no differences that are absolute between Eastern and Western life except in the attitude toward age. In China, the first question a person asks the other on an official call is: 'What is your glorious age?' If he replies apologetically that he is 23 or 28, the other generally comforts him by saying that he still has a glorious future, and that one day he may become old. Enthusiasm grows in proportion as the gentleman is able to report a higher and higher age, and if he is anywhere over 50, the inquirer drops his voice in humility and respect. People actually look forward to the celebration of their 51st birthday. . . .

"We must, if this new period of our lives is to be a great adventure (and why else has it been given us?) press forward in the belief that these latter years are not an end but a beginning, not a break but a continuing, not a retreat but an advance, not a dying but a living."

By reading *The Best Years of Your Life,* by Marie Beynon Ray, published by Little, Brown & Company,

($3.95) January 14, 1953, you may take on new life and a renewed zest in living and may actually find that the best years of your life are actually just beginning.

* * *

Late in November Simon and Schuster published a book containing the personal philosophies of one hundred thoughtful men and women, including famous ones like Thomas Mann, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Justice William O. Douglas, Pearl Buck, Aldous Huxley, Rebecca West, Prof. Harry Overstreet, and scores of others in all walks of life.

This, I Believe is the further extension of an idea that has already exploded into the most widely listened-to radio program in the world:—the idea that men and women will live happier and richer lives if they deliberately decide what they want from life—what they want in material things and the relative importance of moral and spiritual things.

Even though you, like most people, may have certain rules by which you run your life, also like most people you probably have never tried to formulate them, even to yourself. The 100 thoughtful men and women included in this book have "looked in their hearts and written" about their inmost desires and ideals, their fundamental faith, and their intimate living philosophies. They have written humbly and hesitantly, upon the invitation of the distinguished radio and television news analyst, Edward R. Murrow, who thinks the only way to discover what people believe is to ask them.

Edward R. Murrow has directed the celebrated C.B.S. radio program—probably the most widely listened-to broadcast in the world. Thoughtful people in all walks of life sent in hundreds of contributions to "This I Believe"— on the air and in newspapers. Here in this book are 100 of the best for you to read and ponder and perhaps to emulate. They are signposts that have meaning in an age when every man is searching for his own road to happiness.

Mr. Murrow in his foreword to the book says that almost without exception the people who contributed to "This I Believe" told him this was the most difficult piece of composition they had ever undertaken—to put in a few hundred words what they believed to be the important and permanent landmarks they had found in their journey thus far upon this minor planet.

Mr. Murrow continues "For my own part I remain fascinated by the manner and method by which people reach their beliefs and, at the same time gratified by the demonstrable fact that their beliefs are not predictable. We are not robots. The individual is unpredictable, and in the area of what he believes, he is still sovereign."

Read of Alexander Bloch's life in a violin case and his opinion that, though money is a wonderful thing, it is possible to pay too high a price for it.

Read of Lee Hastings Bristol, President of Bristol-Myers Company, New York, whose mother, when he was a child daily challenged him: "Lee, has your soul grown today?" He believes that with faith and good will in our hearts and with peace in our souls and minds, surely we can leave this world the better for our having lived in it.

There is a brief biography of each of the 100 contributors to this book at the close of each contribution. The reader becomes acquainted with the life of the individual writer and with his belief.

To me *This I Believe* is not only an

invaluable book; it is a beautiful book. We learn what has strengthened and guided other people—people who have led useful lives—and this cannot but help us in straightening out our own lives.

Dame Edith Evans, the great English actress believes that good is stronger than evil. She has found that if applied with complete faith, it can obliterate evil. I quote these lines of hers: "I believe today that a great flood of good would be released in the world if *all* of us concentrated upon following the simple commands of Christ: 'Love God first and your neighbor as yourself.' As 'yourself' I try to remember. So if I think kindly of myself then I think kindly of my neighbor. When Christ was asked, 'Who is my neighbor?' what did He say? He told the story of the Samaritan. . . . I can't bear classing people together nationally, and liking or disliking them. People are people wherever you meet them. They are all the children of the one God."

If you want an exciting experience, just get this book, *This I Believe*. You can then sit down every day for 100 days with some deeply thoughtful person, a different one each day, while he opens his heart and mind to you. There is a $1 edition and a $3 one.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

LONG before I became a radio fan of Dr. Bradley's, later on to become a member of his church and still later his Study secretary, I lived in Elmhurst, Illinois, and had a private kindergarten there.

When Dr. Bradley was dictating the part of his "Along the Way" which tells of the Carl Sandburg 75th Anniversary dinner, it was of very special interest to me, because back in the days of my Elmhurst kindergarten I knew Mrs. Sandburg and had her two dear little daughters in my school.

The Carl Sandburg's lived on South York Street, not very far from the Congregational Church of Elmhurst, in the basement of which church I held the kindergarten that first year. We didn't like holding a kindergarten in a basement and soon a Kindergarten Board was appointed and Mrs. Sandburg consented to be a member. She was not just a nominal member by any means, but a real working member. We held bake sales and gave entertainments on a very large scale to help support the kindergarten. Our aim was to make it a community affair, in order that more parents could afford to send their children.

With this socially-minded outlook in view, Mrs. Sandburg said she thought her husband might consent to give a benefit recital for the kindergarten. Many of the club women had tried in vain to have Carl Sandburg on their club programs. Therefore we knew of course that the affair would be a great success. The Elmhurst public school system 25 years ago had no kindergarten.

It was with a very happy and grateful heart that I had the honor some

weeks later of presenting to the town of Elmhurst, their resident poet, Carl Sandburg, whose "Rootabaga Stories" were at that time being read to their children. The little son of Prof. Crusius of Elmhurst College (who is still on the faculty there) was one of my kindergartners and I remember that his father was a very strong advocate of "Rootabaga Stories" for children.

The recital was a great success, and when Dr. Bradley told of Carl Sandburg's songs to the accompaniment of his guitar, I could see him again, standing on the platform of the Elmhurst High School, and remember how after the concert he reached down and shook my hand, smiled and said "Your benefit is a success." Fortunately I had the good sense to reply: "They didn't come because of the benefit, Mr. Sandburg; you are the success, and I'm so grateful to you."

For a little while I was without a home in Elmhurst, and Mrs. Sandburg made arrangements with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Steichen, to accommodate both myself and my Aunt Margie (Mrs. A. J. Crawford, who is not now living), in the Steichen home. I still remember the pride with which dear Mrs. Steichen talked of her son in New York, the great photographer, Edward Steichen, and how happy she was, at the prospect of a visit from him. The father, Mr. Steichen, Sr., had a beautiful garden of Holland tulips, every bulb sent over from Holland, and a huge lilac bush at the side of the house, which Mrs. Steichen rarely would desecrate by picking a bouquet from it, for her husband was a real naturalist who could "love the flowers and let them grow."

I still prize very much a picture of the Sandburg daughters, bending over the tulips in their grandfather's garden. It was therefore with a great appreciation of what I was reading, that I copied off the notes of Dr. Bradley's dictation of his Along the Way. Well do I remember that beaming smile of Mrs. Sandburg and her kindness to me in my Elmhurst kindergarten work. And I, who love poetry so much, am very grateful that about 25 years ago I had the honor of presenting Carl Sandburg to a typically American audience—the parents of my kindergartners and all the interested (and may I say curious as well, for it was his only appearance in that town) people of Elmhurst.

* * *

The first letter in our Mail Bag is from the Rev. Kenneth T. Widney, Pastor of Thomas Memorial Congregational Church:

Dear Dr. Bradley: It will be impossible for me to tell you how grateful I am, and my people too, for your visit last night. This is one of the great weeks in the recent history of Thomas Memorial. You have added something which we can and will cherish for many years.

Specifically, your splendid message on what has been happening to our message—that is, our Gospel—in these fifty years, was a most heartening one to hear. To be reminded of the central role of Dr. Thomas in this growth was both thrilling and challenging.

You did for our Anniversary Week what, I am confident no one else could have done, and of course you did it so utterly masterfully. You made me see that to make our future worthy of our past would be a very excellent goal.

I am sure that you know we are most grateful for your coming. Somehow you gave me the impression that you had thoroughly enjoyed the occasion too.

Sincerely yours,
Kenneth T. Widney.

* * *

We now take from the Mail Bag a letter which also came from a minister, all the way from the West Coast.

Dr. Bradley deeply appreciates these letters from brothers in the ministry. Reverend Thomas Franklyn Hudson, of First Church of Oakland (Presbyterian), California, writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I cannot refrain from telling you how much I was inspired and helped by your sermon last Sunday night, "To the Next President." As I indicated to you at the close of the service, I go east each year to attend the annual meeting of our denomination's Council on Theological Education, of which I am a member, and I always arrange my homecoming schedule so that I can attend at least one service at your church. You have done and are still doing a magnificent job in the city of Chicago. I know of no man in America who has exercised a continuous ministry in one church for such a lengthy period of time and who has consistently drawn such large congregations. Your sermons are always most timely, and your approach to your subject is always unique.

This letter requires no answer. It is merely the heartfelt appreciation of one who has very few opportunities to be absent from his own pulpit but who likes to utilize the opportunities that do arise to avail himself of the best in contemporary preaching.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Franklyn Hudson.

* * *

Dr. Bradley was very grateful to the friend who took the time to report this little incident to him, all the way from Hawaii:

Dear Preston Bradley: My husband and I came to Hawaii for the holidays by air, and we came down this morning to meet the Lurline. On our train ride from Chicago to San Francisco we met two teachers who were going on this boat trip, so we thought it would be nice to come aboard when their boat docked and greet them with orchid leis and welcome them to Hawaii, the way we were greeted when we arrived. But milling among 750 passengers it was impossible to find them; but we saw a crowd around somebody and after making our way to see who it was, we saw Sam Campbell and his wife. I have heard him lecture many times and learned to know him through friends of ours, so we greeted him and gave our orchid leis to Mrs. Campbell. Then a man came up to him and said he got a wire from Dr. Preston Bradley and he came to welcome him to Hawaii. Sam Campbell stopped shooting pictures and was so thrilled, and many other people thought that was so nice. I knew you would be glad to hear about it.

I doubt if you'll remember me, but the next time I see you I'll remind you of this letter. I was Edna Brunhofer and you preached my mother's funeral service about eight years ago. I'm the one who made the apron for Mrs. Zoern with all the neighbor's names on it. Now I think you'll remember.

Aloha,
Mrs. Henry Hurlbert.

Dr. Bradley did so appreciate this first-hand report of the results of his cable to Hawaii.

* * *

From Sullivan, Indiana, came a letter from Mrs. Thomas Lippeatt, from which we quote;

"I read the last Liberalist. I was thrilled when I read the account of your meeting with Garland Routt in Dublin, for he was formerly a citizen of this town. His mother lives but a

short block from me, and is a very dear friend. I could hardly wait to telephone her and read it to her. She at once came for it to read to her son who was then in her home. I later had a nice, but short, visit with him and his account of his work in Ireland was most interesting. So I am thrice blessed by being a subscriber to The Liberalist. Thank you for all the opportunities I have from your church magazine. May God bless you and yours."

* * *

Sheldon H. LaTourette, of the LaTourette Farm, Hartland, Michigan, writes of Dr. Bradley's visit to Linden:

"A personal thank you to you, Preston Bradley, for your talk in Linden last evening. I was not unappreciative of the sacrifice you made in thought and nerve energy in sharing your faith with the comparatively small audience—even though you enjoyed it all. Many of us went forth with re-charged batteries—and we hope brighter lights—in our belief in the supreme worth of human personality—the essence of Jesus' teaching and the foundation of democracy. Never lower one inch your ideal of intellectual honesty! The air is so full of the sound and fury of mere words. But spend yourself wisely. Our Country and the world need the emphasis you gave us so magnificently.

Proud to be your friend,
Sheldon H. LaTourette."

* * *

Here is a fine thought with which to close our Mail Bag, quoted from a letter from Mr. Louis O'Donnell, of Alexian Brothers Hospital:

"Sunday comes with its chance to go to one's choice of five or six churches by radio and I cogitate on the benefits we enjoy in this modern age, foretold and enjoyed by Edward Bellamy in his prophetic book, 'Looking Backward.' We live in a great age and to think we owe it all to each other —for his and her individual help in making all these blessings possible. No one person can say 'I did it all alone.' I am enclosing my dollar because I feel I am delinquent in offering my small share for such a grand church and congregation. I pray to God for more churches like yours."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

DECEMBER

1—Two Funerals
Address. Milwaukee Council of Churches 1st Evang. United Breth. Church, Milwaukee

2—Address. Men's Club, First Methodist Church, Kenosha, Wisconsin

3—Book Lecture. Peoples Church

4—Address. Junior Chamber of Commerce, LaFayette Hotel, Rockford, Ill.
Radio conference

5—Two funerals

6—Hospital calls
Funeral

7—Two services. Peoples Church

8—Funeral
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library

9—Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations. Congress Hotel, Award Luncheon
Funeral
Address. Niles Township High School Public Installation. International Order of Job's Daughters

10—Book Lecture. Peoples Church

11—Working in the Study

12—Meeting. Press Club. T-V conference
Address. St. John A.M.E. Church

13—Luncheon. Friends of Literature, Art Institute
Two weddings
Funeral
14—Two services. Peoples Church
Address. Sunday Arts Forum, Evanston, Illinois
15—Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations
Meeting. Chicago Literary Club
16—Luncheon. Midland Society of Authors
Funeral
17—Address. Borrowed Time Club
Funeral
Wedding
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
18—Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations
19—Address. Annual Christmas Party. Church School
20—Two Funerals
21—Morning Service Peoples Church
Candle Light Service, Peoples Church
22—Two Funerals
Meeting. Board of Directors Chicago Public Library
Candle Light Service, Peoples Church
23—Two Funerals
24—Christmas Eve Sermon Peoples Church
25—Broadcast on WBKB—TV
26—Funeral
Wedding
27—Iroquois Theatre Fire Memorial Service
Chicago Public Library
Wedding
28—Two services. Peoples Church
29—Address. Annual Award Dinner, Elgin Watch Co., Elgin, Ill.
30—Radio and T-V conference
31—Funeral
Three Weddings
Conference with Meadville Student
Annual Watch Night Service

FUNERALS

1—Sifroid Bertrand
Dr. Marie Sorna Levinson
5—Charles Stillwell
Alfred Checkett
6—Dr. James Robinson
8—W. A. Winbaugh
9—Mrs. Frances Osner
13—Ralph W. McKinney
16—Owen G. Coltman
17—Louis J. Boe
20—Marcel DeBouzon
Mrs. Lillian Levinson
22—Walter Krzyzak
Reginald Caldwell
23—Herbert Sommerfield
Anita Hoeck
26—Margaret Somers
31—Jerome A. Williams

WEDDINGS

13—Audrey M. Baker and Charles F. Entmeier
Charity L. Milligan and Henry J. Shulman
17—Tania Maragos and William Eldridge
26—Berniece Bernier and John V. Hoefler
27—Pauline Elliott and J. V. Gilmour
31—Emelene E. Cochrane and Fred C. Starr
Gertrude O'Shea and Clayton Devine
Audrey Dougherty and Roy D. Garrison

CHRISTENINGS

7—Don Scott Engel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Halmer Engel
14—Deborah Ann Erickson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Erickson
21—Kenneth Hugh Larsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Larsen
28—Cynthia Ann Boehm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Walter Boehm

The following New Members were publicly received into The Peoples Church Sunday, January 4, 1953:

Mrs. Anne Cornelius
Mrs. Alice V. Dean
Mr. Leonard F. Malany
Mrs. Gilia Nelson
Miss Betty Rodger
Mrs. Lillian M. Shirk
Mrs. Mabel Snively
Mrs. Josephine M. Stransky
Mrs. Grace M. Tencate
Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Truglio
Miss Regina Wesbie
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Frederick (who joined Nov. 2, 1952)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, February 2—Education Department. Paul G. Dallwig...1:00 p.m.

Monday, February 16—Annual Birthday Party..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—February 23..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, February 10th..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave.
CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service.....11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

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